

# Good 518 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

A FAIR-HEADED young girl of eight years of age sat at the piano in a Leeds broadcasting studio with all the assurance and confidence of a veteran.

As the small fingers flashed across the keys, sending music into the homes of thousands, no one at that time could visualise that this same perky youngster would be the leader of the first All Girls' Band to sign a contract for the ultra-discriminating B.B.C.

Yes, you've guessed her identity—it was Miss Ivy Benson, exactly 22 years ago, the little girl now grown into a lovely lady who snatched from experienced and influential male band leaders one of the "plums" that dangle at the British Broadcasting Corporation.

They said she couldn't make it; ridiculed the suggestion that a girls' band could possibly be resident at Broadcasting House.

But when the strains of Ivy's signature tune, "Lady Be Good," were radiated from Bristol last year, and families all over the country voted it "quite a nice band," Ivy had reached the top.

It had been a hard struggle, a struggle that would have smashed many better physically equipped.

But slim, diminutive Ivy Benson had a heart that refused to weaken.

At the age of fourteen Ivy was working in a Leeds factory, helping to turn out suits for the gentry. In between factory duties she worked "gigs" with local bands, just to get the experience, for the pay was niggardly.

From Leeds she went to London, a city that beckoned her but almost smashed her frail frame. No one would look at a girl musician. They just looked at Ivy and said, "Nothing doing, sorry."

Many a time, in her humble lodgings in London, Ivy cried herself to sleep. Then she got the opportunity of playing in a night club, but the type that frequented it made her revolt, and she hated every minute of it.

But, although she did not realise it at the time, that distasteful job was the lever that helped to prise open the door to her present world-wide fame.

Teddy Joyce saw her and gave her a job with his Girls' Band. From there Ivy never looked back. She formed her



Band leader Ivy Benson and trumpeter Biquette Barrios, who escaped from France in 1941, read a letter sent to Biquette by Field Marshal Montgomery.

own band, small in a way, of course, and worked the leading dance palais in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Manchester.

THEN war came—bookings dwindled; but Ivy, ever ready to do something for the boys, went on an E.N.S.A. tour of nearly five months. The boys liked her, yelled for more, and someone at the B.B.C. evidently thought the same as our troops.

And so, to the "consternation of the opposite sex" (to use her own words), Ivy Benson and her All-Girls Band hit the air and brought something "different" to radio.

It was not easy at first, for she and the girls had to master studio technique as they went along, and it was an uphill fight. "We stuck out our chins and made it," Ivy told me.

Ivy had made the grade when income tax was ten shillings in the pound, but she still smiled and maintained an eighteen-piece band.

She was never sure who would turn up for engagements; girls left without a moment's notice; others were drafted into war work—in fact, everything that could possibly happen did happen.

It would take pages to give in detail the many incidents that cropped up; suffice to say that Ivy Benson, with that grand personality and grit so characteristic of her, is now at the top of the ladder to stay.

She never turns down an aspiring youngster; no matter how busy she is, there is always a moment to spare to give an audition to a hopeful.

Her band is composed of girls from eight different countries—a truly international combination. Trumpeter Biquette Barrios escaped from the Huns when Paris fell in 1941. Biquette had her own dance band in Paris; now, with that fair city liberated, Biquette is planning to go back.

As a tribute of affection and gratitude to Ivy Benson, this Parisian intends to play "Lady Be Good" as the first tune when she next leads her own band in Paris.

# Fought as 'Quake rocked Stadium

5,000 Hollywood Fans risked death to watch Speedy Dado and the Baby knock hell out of each other, says JOHN ALLEN

WHEN Speedy Dado, recognised as American fly-weight champion, was matched with Baby Palmore, in March, 1933, it was anticipated that a quick victory would be his.

But the experts who forecast this win for Speedy were, like their favourite, floored, for Palmore, with a smart uppercut to the chin, sent Dado down for the long count, with the result that for weeks afterwards fight fans said that it was one of the biggest flukes in ring history—or one of the best wins for a very long time.

To satisfy the cash customers, big promoters got to work in an effort to re-match their little fighters with a big following, and finally, after a great deal of trouble, succeeded in satisfying both sides as to the financial conditions.

The match was arranged for the Hollywood Legion Boxing Stadium, and as famous stars had shown a great liking for the fight game it was anticipated that many of the studios' most popular figures would put in an appearance.

Then, three hours before the fight was due to commence,

Southern California was hit and gashed by a violent earthquake. Within a very short time there was ample evidence of the chaos that can be caused by such a terrible thing.

Vast buildings, that looked as if they could stop the heaviest bomb created, were toppled to earth. Houses collapsed like a pack of cards; panic-stricken crowds cleared out of ruined towns as the 'quake continued to cause loss of life and terrible damage.

But the two boxers were not to be done out of their "needle fight." They were each determined to beat the other, and it would have taken more than an earthquake to stop them from entering the ring.

As they entered the Hollywood Legion Stadium they were prepared to see only a handful of spectators. In view of the terrible conditions, but to their surprise discovered that five thousand people, for the most part celebrities, dressed in the most expensive clothes, seated at the ringside, and in the gallery, waiting for the great fight to begin.

It was the general opinion that they had all determined to prove that it takes more than an earthquake to upset Hollywood, and with a terrible death possibly theirs at any moment, these fight fans did all they could to forget the danger.

When Speedy Dado and Baby Palmore entered the ring they were greeted with loud cheers. At once they responded, dancing from their respective corners, waving their hands above their heads. For a moment, however, it looked as if the fight might never happen. The whole building lurched. Women turned white under their make-up. Tough and fearless fighters in the audience felt a quiver of fear pass through them. One question was in everyone's mind:

"Will the Hollywood Stadium crash?"

For one horrible moment it seemed as if the end were near—a ring battle that made Hollywood for the boxing stadium and the wood fight conscious, and put large audience. The vast more money into the boxing building appeared to sway like a boxer who has been hit on known before.

the point. Everyone had more or less taken it for granted that their end was near when the gong sounded, the fighters leapt from their corners, and one of the strangest fights of all time began.

Dado, determined to get his revenge for the pasting he had received earlier at Baby Palmore's hands, tore into his opponent as if his very life depended upon getting the fight over quickly. But the Babe was a good defensive fighter, and parried, very cleverly, all the champion's moves.

Once, when the earth shook, Dado was nearly thrown off his balance. The spectators, in some cases, were thrown from their seats, but on no occasion was there any sign of panic.

Every single member of that five thousand audience sensed that danger was always with them. It was an accepted fact—and this, more than anything else, gave the crowd their I-don't-care-a-fang feeling.

It was a wonderful sight to see the elite of Filmdom sitting, shoulder to shoulder, cheering, and encouraging the little men fighting a death-or-glory battle in the roped square.

And what an exhibition the pair of them gave! Dado, fast, and possessor of a deadly punch; Baby Palmore, with the icy-cool brain and brilliant defence. The contrast in styles stood out, even with an earthquake raging around.

One famous film-star put two thousand pounds on Dado—and as she hadn't enough money in her purse to cover the wager, took off her valuable pearl necklace and gave it to the bookie as security.

Little Dado paid her rich dividends, for in the last round with the ring staking and quivering, he put down his opponent for the count with a perfect left-right to the jaw.

So ended the strangest fight for many years—a ring battle in the middle of an earthquake—a ring battle that made Hollywood for the boxing stadium and the wood fight conscious, and put large audience. The vast more money into the boxing building appeared to sway like a boxer who has been hit on known before.

## Cosy Corner Waiting for P.O. Frank Moss

"THE Jolly Roger" flies in periences in England since. Mrs. Margery Moss's new flat at 64, Haslemere-road, at Plymouth during the blitz.

It seems that she has also been doing her own little bit of war service with the "Naafi," and would like to go back to her job of assistant charge hand when doctor's orders permit.

Meanwhile, she is spending a little time between her own folk at Copnor and your people at Waterlooville.

Your mother and father have been on their own since brother Dennis got married at Easter—his wife is still at the Dolphin with the Wrens—and they like your wife to visit them. So she goes over to Waterlooville every week-end and stays there Sunday nights.

But, of course, she is looking forward to the time when you can rejoin her in the "cosy corner" waiting for you at Southsea.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# CAME THE DAWN

Concluding **THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOIT**—By **W. W. JACOBS**

"BELOW there, you lazy thieves," roared the captain; "tumble up, tumble up!" The snores stopped. "Ay, ay!" said a sleepy voice. "What's the matter, master?" "Matter!" repeated the other, and got left behind. Them what choking violently. "Ain't you can't stand drink, my man, going to sail to-night?" "To-night!" said another voice, in surprise. "Why, I thought we wasn't going to sail till Wen'sday," remarked the man, who found the captain's Not trusting himself to reply, so careful was he of the morals of his men, the skipper went and leaned over the side and com-muned with the silent water. In an incredibly short space of time five or six dusky figures pattered up on to the deck, and a minute or two later the harsh clank of the windlass echoed far and wide. The captain took the wheel. A way to light. The different port and very sleepy seaman put up the side-lights, and the little schooner, detaching itself by the aid of boat-hooks and fenders from the neighbouring craft, moved slowly down with the tide. The men, in response to the captain's fervent orders, climbed aloft, and sail after sail was spread to the gentle breeze.

"Hi! you there," cried the captain to one of the men who stood near him, coiling up some loose line. "Sir?" said the man. "Where is the mate?" inquired the captain. "Man with red whiskers and pimply nose?" said the man interrogatively. "That's him to a hair," answered the other. "Ain't seen him since he took me on at eleven," said the man. "How many new hands are there?" "I b'leeve we're all fresh,"

was the reply. "I don't believe some of 'em have ever smelt salt water afore." "The mate's been at it again," said the captain warmly, "that's what he has. He's done it afore and got left behind. Them what shouldn't take it, remember that." "He said we wasn't going to sail till Wen'sday," remarked the man, who found the captain's attitude rather trying. "He'll get sacked, that's what he'll get," said the captain warmly. "I shall report him as soon as I get ashore." The subject exhausted, the sea-or six dusky figures pattered up man returned to his work, and the on to the deck, and a minute or captain continued steering in two later the harsh clank of the windlass echoed far and wide. Slowly, slowly darkness gave way to light. The different port and very sleepy seaman put up the side-lights, and the little schooner, detaching itself by the aid of boat-hooks and fenders from the neighbouring craft, moved slowly down with the tide. The men, in response to the captain's fervent orders, climbed aloft, and sail after sail was spread to the gentle breeze.

"Five days with nothing to do but feed. It's driving me mad, Miss Blamish!"



skipper stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked from the deck to the flat marshy shore, and from the shore back to the deck again. "Here, come here," he cried, beckoning to one of the crew. "Yessir," said the man, advancing. "There's something in one of my eyes," faltered the skipper. "I can't see straight; every thing seems mixed up. Now, speaking deliberate and without any hurry, which side o' the ship do you say the cook's galley's on?" "Starboard," said the man promptly, eyeing him with astonishment. "Starboard," repeated the other softly. "He says starboard, and that's what it seems to me. My lad, yesterday morning it was on the port side." The seaman received this astounding communication with calmness, but, as a slight concession to appearances, said "Lor," and the water-cask," said the

"Well, who's having the little game now?" inquired a voice. "Somebody else'll be sacked as well as the mate," said another. "We must take her back," said the captain, raising his voice to drown these mutterings. "Stand by there!" The bewildered crew went to their posts, the captain gave his orders in a voice which had never been so subdued and mellow since it broke at the age of fourteen, and the *Mary Ann* took in sail, and, dropping her anchor, waited patiently for the turning of the tide. The church bells in Wapping and Rotherhithe were just striking the hour of mid-day, though they were heard by few above the noisy din of workers on wharves and ships, as a short stout captain, and a mate with red whiskers and a pimply nose, stood up in a water-man's boat in the centre of the light, got paler and paler.

"I must be going crazy," he muttered. "Is this the *Smiling Jane*, or am I dreaming?" "It ain't the *Smiling Jane*," said one of the seamen; "least-ways," he added cautiously, "it wasn't when I came aboard." "Not the *Smiling Jane*!" roared the skipper; "what is it, then?" "Why, the *Mary Ann*," chorused the astonished crew. "My lads," faltered the agonised captain after a long pause. "My lads—He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. "I've been and brought away the wrong ship," he continued with an effort; "that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched."

## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 41

1. When Gladys said "Shore," Bert said "Nuts." What word linked these two ideas in Bert's mind?  
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Overcoat, Mackintosh, Cape, Raincoat, Jacket, Blazer.  
3. Black coat is to white sweater what red jacket is to: blue coat, green shirt, mauve blouse, yellow vest.  
4. "I know a place where they sell beer by the pound and whiskey by the yard," said Sam. "That's nothing," replied Bill. "for I know a place where they sell petrol by the rod, sister and her son and daughter.)"

stone and bread by the barrel." Was either of them lying, and if not, have you an explanation which would make their statements credible?

(Answers in No. 519)

Answers to Test No. 40).

1. The tiny flies on the window pane are only baby flies. False, because baby flies are maggots and the winged insect does not grow; tiny flies are small species.  
2. Rawlplug is a socket; others are not.  
3. Shoe. (Hand goes in a glove—not on it.)  
4. 10 persons. (Father and mother, their son and daughter, mother's brother and his son, mother's sister and her son and daughter.)

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



CYRIL JAMES, in "Union Jack," writes interestingly on English pubs. James, who has followed the front lines since the birth of the paper, returned to London recently, and these are his reflections:—

The state of the United Kingdom pub after nearly five years of war might fairly be described as "flourishing in the face of weird conditions that would have driven many pre-war licensees to put up the shutters."

Now, as regards supplies. Is there plenty of beer left in Britain? Answer: Enough.

In London and the Home Counties no difficulty is experienced in getting beer, although there were signs of a bitter famine in certain areas when I left. Urgent appeals have been made for some time to patriotic drinkers, asking them to concentrate on draught beer and so reduce the need for bottles. But after D-Day, when an enormous drinking population was whipped away almost overnight, the supply situation was eased.

Country and small town pubs that had been forced to close early owing to the demands of thousands of troops stationed nearby, have now approached nearer the normal state of business than at any time since the very early days of the war.

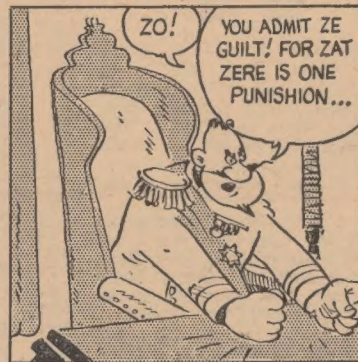
Big city pubs, though they did not notice the startling transformation which overswept the rural scene, also felt the pressure ease.

Here and there a genuine ham sandwich—that rare pearl beyond price—began to make an occasional appearance at snack bars.

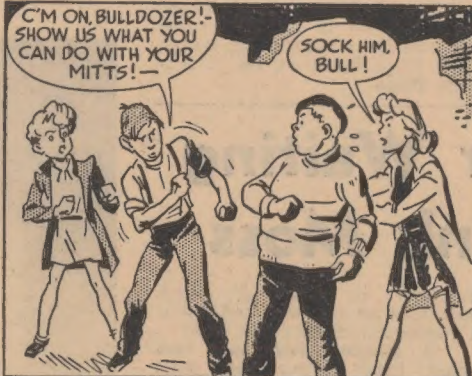
Customers were able to get at the dart-boards again. For the past year or so they had waited an hour or so to get a game—which consisted of lobbing practically featherless darts over the heads of a milling crowd which swarmed across the line of fire.

Prices of beer and spirits remain high. When I left, a half of bitter still hovered between eightpence and ninepence. A pint of ordinary "rough" still set back the thirsty student 1s. 3d. to 1s. 4d. A Guinness changed hands at 1s. 1d. Requests for a bottle of Bass were mostly received with a sarcastic "Ha-ha!"

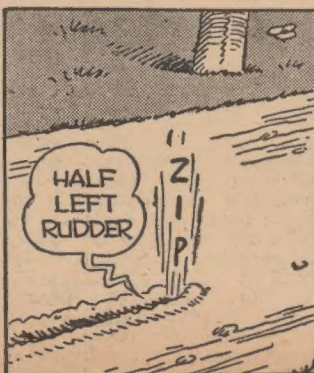
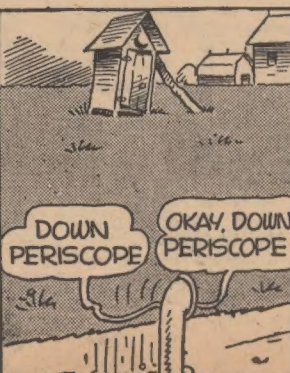
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—457

1. Insert consonants in \*U\*E and \*A\*E\*\*A and get two colours.

2. Here are two English kings whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Who are they?  
AMICHIR — LIWLDA

3. In the following four birds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 4U27369, 4177E6N, 58C0369, 536687.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 456

1. VIOLET, AUREOLIN.
2. ENGLAND — SWEDEN.
3. Bison, Beaver, Badger, Vole.

## JANE



## CAME THE DAWN

(Continued from Page 3)  
mate," said the waterman, indicating the forlorn couple with a bob of his head.

"My eyes!" said the man, "I s'pose the cook's in charge then. We was to have gone too, but our old man hasn't turned up."

Quickly the news spread amongst the craft in the tier, and many and various were the suggestions shouted to the bewildered couple from the different decks. At last, just as the captain had ordered the waterman to return to the shore he was startled by a loud cry from the mate.

"Look there!" he shouted.

The captain looked. Fifty or sixty yards away, a small shame-faced-looking schooner, so it appeared to his excited imagination, was slowly approaching them. A minute later a shout went up from the other craft as she took in sail and bore slowly down upon them. Then a small boat put off to the buoy, and the *Mary Ann* was slowly

warped into the place she had left ten hours before.

But while all this was going on, she was boarded by her captain and mate. They were met by Captain Bing, supported by his mate, who had hastily pushed off from the *Smiling Jane* to the assistance of his chief. In the two leading features before mentioned he was not unlike the mate of the *Mary Ann*, and much stress was laid upon this fact by the unfortunate Bing in his explanation. So much so, in fact, that both the mates got restless; the skipper who was a plain man, and given to calling a spade a spade, using the word "pimp" with what seemed to them unnecessary iteration.

It is possible that the interview might have lasted for hours had not Bing suddenly changed his tactics and begun to throw out dark hints about standing a dinner ashore, and settling it over a friendly glass. The face of the *Mary Ann's* captain began to clear, and, as Bing

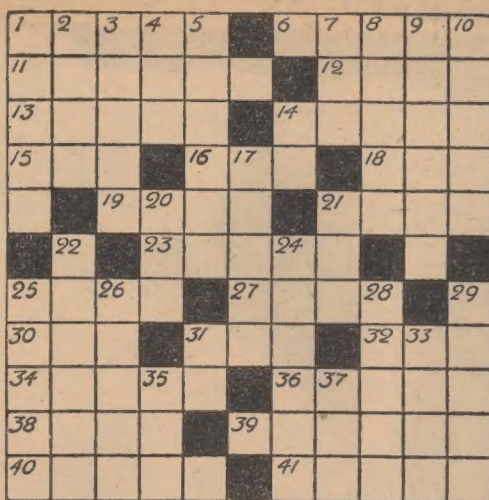
proceeded from generalities to details, a soft smile played over his expressive features. It was reflected in the faces of the mates, who by these means showed clearly that they understood the table was to be laid for four.

At this happy turn of affairs Bing himself smiled, and a little while later a ship's boat containing four boon companions put off from the *Mary Ann* and made for the shore. Of what afterwards ensued there is no distinct record, beyond what may be gleaned from the fact that the quartette turned up at midnight arm-in-arm, and affectionately refused to be separated—even to enter the ship's boat, which was waiting for them. The sailors were at first rather nonplussed, but by dint of much coaxing and argument broke up the party, and rowing them to their respective vessels, put them carefully to bed.

## THE END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Novel.
- 6 Heats.
- 11 Arm-bone.
- 12 Crossed cord.
- 13 Cake covering.
- 14 Dodge.
- 15 Collection.
- 16 Silence.
- 18 Metal.
- 19 Lean over.
- 21 Went away.
- 23 Love a lot.
- 25 Mr. Pig.
- 27 Fruit.
- 30 Plunder.
- 31 Cask stopper.
- 32 Common adjective.
- 34 Elsewhere plea.
- 36 Unit of weight.
- 38 Extensive.
- 39 Hound.
- 40 Necessitous.
- 41 Lived.

CATTLE BUFF  
ADO ORDINAL  
SMUDGE LINE  
KITE COLT E  
R CITY ETC  
HARKS ENDUE  
ALE LAZE B  
V STEP AGUE  
ADUR HAROLD  
NOMADIC NAG  
TEAM SEVERE

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Gambol.
- 2 Go fast.
- 3 Girl's name.
- 4 Transgress.
- 5 Kept close to.
- 7 Completely.
- 8 Itinerary.
- 9 Tone down.
- 10 Used up.
- 14 For example.
- 17 Solus.
- 20 Corn spike.
- 21 Allow.
- 22 Native labourer.
- 24 Rough.
- 25 Muscle.
- 26 Continue.
- 28 Platform.
- 29 Sort of elvet.
- 31 Twenty-two sevenths.
- 33 Mound.
- 35 Plot.
- 37 Inexperienced.

## QUIZ for today

5. If somebody gave you a squab, would you—set fire to it, eat it, go to bed with it, sit on it?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Tishue, Cashew, Reissue, Askue, Purlue, Knu.

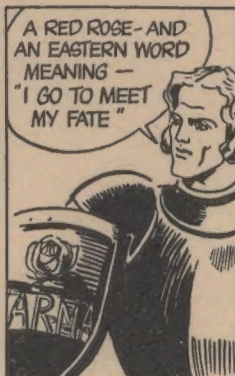
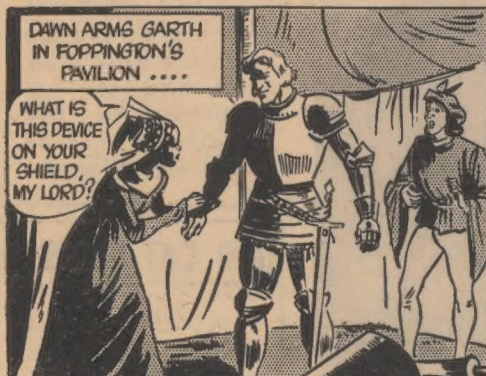
## Answers to Quiz in No. 517

1. A bistoury is a two-storeyed barn, kind of oven, surgeon's knife, part of a convent?
2. Where is the largest dome in the world?
3. What is the common name for the fish known as a spanker-eel?
4. Of what are ordinary bas-kets made?
5. Ancient Greek coin.
6. Mean with money.
7. New Zealand, the Canterbury Plains.
8. Musk is a plant with a pleasant scent; must is unfermented wine.
9. Arcturus, Archernar, Aldebaran, Antares, Altair.
10. Rehabilitate, Rejuvenate.

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Sport Oddities

TENNIS practice made easy was the object of a strange and very ingenious "robot" tennis player invented by Edward Serrano, a well-known amateur player in the U.S., in 1932. With a magazine holding sixty balls, the robot was placed in one court and proceeded to send the balls over with any desired stroke from lob to drive to any part of the court required. It was driven by a small electric motor, and "fired" the balls without stopping at the rate of six a minute, the average speed of a "rally." At the end of ten minutes the robot was always the winner—its opponent exhausted, and probably bewildered!

Just to make it the complete robot, the machine had a device which renovated old balls, whitening and brushing the nap while you waited!

CHARLIE BUCHAN, the international soccer player and a great sporting "all-rounder," once put the popular games in this order in accordance with their effect on temperament:

Games giving the greatest opportunities for bad temper and shady tricks—Ice Hockey, Water Polo.

Games at which it is less possible to lose one's temper, in order of opportunities—Soccer, Rugger, Hockey, Cricket.

Games at which anyone who loses his temper should be confined in a mental home—Golf, Lawn Tennis.

Games at which it is impossible to lose one's temper—Croquet, Bowls.

Many people would put it differently, and those who know what croquet can be would probably put it at the top of the list!

THE best "woods" used in bowls are made of the wood called lignum vitae, the hardest wood known, which comes from the West Indies. Each set of four woods should be made from the same log to ensure their being of the same density.

## Censor takes the Biscuit

IF industry received its just rewards in this world, our censor would undoubtedly be heading for the top. Cynical as we are, we cannot believe his superiors will pass the good man over when promotions are next considered.

There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He jumped into a bramble bush  
And scratched out both his eyes.  
And when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main,  
He jumped into another bush  
And scratched them in again.  
Wondrous wise he was, indeed, to lose not a moment in remedying so great a calamity.



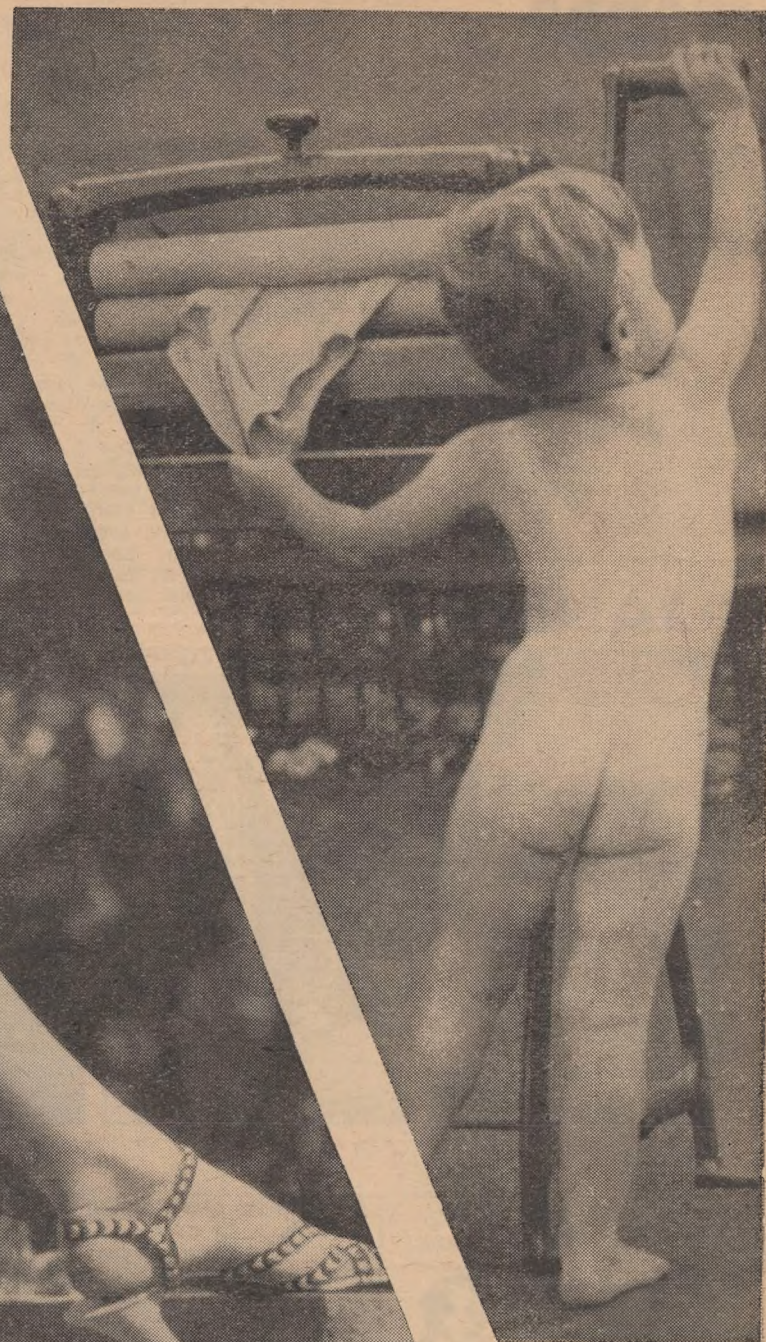
Good  
Morning

## TAKING IT IN HER STRIDE

ENOUGH TO WRING YOUR HEART STRINGS.  
"Not a bit of good relying on the laundry these  
days. Any gentleman with pretensions to be  
called well-dressed just has to set to and wash  
his own smalls."



Anne Shirley, RKO Radio's high  
stepper, takes most things in  
her stride. Success, for instance  
—and adoring males.



★ IT'S OURS, ALL  
OURS! Did you  
know that you  
owned a country  
seat in Somerset  
with upwards of  
a hundred  
rooms? Here it  
is—the address is  
Montacute  
House, near Yeo-  
vil—and it was  
bought by the  
National Trust  
for all to enjoy

### ★ OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

